

# Greencastle Herald.

WEATHER FORECAST  
Showers and thunder storms to-  
night or Friday; rising tem-  
perature.

VOL. 3. NO. 61.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

## CASE TO JUVENILE COURT

Case of Jose Earnest Arrested in Indianapolis on Charge of Enticing Girls to Lead Immoral Lives Has Hearing Before the Mayor.

## TRIAL SET FOR JULY EIGHTE

Josie Earnest, the colored woman arrested in Indianapolis last week by Probation Officer Dalby and Marshal Reeves on a charge of attempting to entice Greencastle girls to immoral lives in the city, was before the mayor this morning. No witnesses were present, but the defendant was closely questioned by Prosecutor Hughes and the Mayor. It was decided that the case was one which came under the jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court, and was transferred to that court. The case was set for hearing before Judge Rawley on the 8th of next July.

The case is causing considerable interest as it is the first time any attempt has been made to stop what some claim has been going on for several years. The trial in July will doubtless increase the interest.

The bond which had been fixed at \$100 was continued, the defendant's brother furnishing the bail. Josie Earnest is a daughter of Barry Earnest of this city, but has lived for some time in Indianapolis.

## WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN JUNE

Rev. Hicks Hands out Monthly Weather Dope.

Here it is, Greencastle, as predicted for June. Everything from cloud-burst to volcanic eruptions and seismic disturbances is the dope. This according to the Rev. Irl Hicks, of St. Louis, who is some prophet as well as one preacher and ought to know all about the matter, because he reads it in the stars, or at least he says he does. Government experts find it difficult enough with the finest apparatus to make predictions one day ahead but not so with Prophet Hicks. He hands out the dope in heaps and gobs by the month or year with equal abandon. This is his bill of fare for the sunny month of June:

A regular storm period is central

on the 6th extending from the 4th to the 9th. This period is central on the 7th, covering the 1st to the 14th. The reactionary storms of last May period will disappear in the east about June 1, leaving behind the east or three days of fair, cooler weather. By the 4th and 5th the barometer will be falling in the west, with rising temperature and growing storm clouds. During the 6th to the 9th these conditions will move eastward, growing in extent and force. Many sections will be visited by very decided electrical storms, high winds and heavy downpours of rain. The chances are that thunderstorms during afternoons and evenings will continue over the 10th and 11th into the next storm period.

A reactionary storm period is central on the 12th, 13th and 14th. In addition to marked tendency to electrical storms it will be found that volcanoes in various parts of the earth will be disturbed and seismic shocks will be numerous about this period. Following the first two or three periods in June, as the areas of high barometric pressure displace storm areas, sharp, unseasonable reversions to cooler weather for a day or two will be natural, especially in high latitudes.

A regular storm period is central on the 17th, extending from the 15th to the 19th. During this period many afternoon thunderstorms will be natural without very low readings of the barometer. As a rule a yearly maximum of rainfall is to be expected generally during the June solstice. In other words such is normal at June solstice; hence daily rains and thunderstorms occur at this time, with the barometer about the normal reading. If the barometer falls to very low readings at any time during the June solstice it is almost an infallible warning that storms of more than ordinary violence and danger are brewing. Local rains or "cloud-bursts" will occur here and there during this month, also in July and August.

## VACATION SCHOOL

The vacation school for pupils desiring to take work in five to eight, inclusive, will begin Monday, June 8, at 8 o'clock a. m. at the Second District building. Only morning sessions will be held.

This school is not intended for pupils who seek to get ahead of the course—a nine months' work can not be done in three months. It is especially for pupils who for some cause have lost time and need to do summer work to put them abreast of their classes. To such pupils it will prove very valuable.

Pupils of grades below the fifth, desiring summer school may also, report to Miss Jordan Monday morning. If there be a sufficient number, a teacher will be sought.

Pupils of the High School wishing to make up work should report to the Superintendent.

H. G. Woody, Supt.

## DREYFUS SHOT IN PARIS

Man of World-Wide Notoriety is Shot Over the Body of Emile Zola, Once His Loyal Friend and Helper

## THE ASSASSIN IS M. GREGORI

NEW YORK, June 4.—(Special to the Herald.)—A cable message from Paris received at noon today states that Captain Dreyfus, the celebrated military man about whom the great scandal was raised some years ago, was shot this morning by one, M. Gregori. Dreyfus, it was stated, was making arrangements to transfer the body of Emile Zola from its present resting place to a new one when the shot was fired. The cable does not state whether the wound was fatal or not.

Dreyfus was accused of selling military secrets to the Germans and was tried and sentenced by court marshal. Later he was retried and sentenced to life imprisonment on charges of espionage. Zola took a leading part in his defense, and he was finally freed.

## KENTUCKY MAN LOCATES HERE

Central Trust Company Sells a Farm To Man From the Blue Grass State Who Will Become a Citizen Of Putnam County.

P. N. Conley, formerly of Newport, Kentucky, today purchased through the Central Trust Company the farm lying near Bainbridge, in this county, and known as the Eugene Priest farm. Mr. Conley will leave the Blue Grass State and become a citizen of the Hoosier commonwealth.

There was some rumor that Mr. Conley was here because of the night rider troubles in the old state. He asserts, however, that the night riders were not operating in the neighborhood of Newport. In fact there was no reason for their operations there as little tobacco is grown.

## THE DECISION IS AFFIRMED

Injunction Case in Which Helen Hathaway Asks That The Treasurer Be Injoined From Collecting Taxes Placed on The Duplicate By Ferret Decided For County.

The Appellate Court has notified the attorneys interested that the case of Helen Hathaway et al against John Edwards, treasurer of Putnam county had been decided, the higher court affirming the position of the circuit court of Putnam county. The case is one in which Helen Hathaway asks for injunction to prevent the county treasurer from collecting certain taxes placed upon the tax duplicates by the tax ferret operating here some years ago. The lower court refused to grant the injunction and the appellate court has affirmed the decision.

## PROF. GOUGH AT PUTNAMVILLE

Commencement Exercises of Warren Township Held Wednesday Night Before a Delighted Audience.

The commencement exercises of Warren Township were held Wednesday night before a large and appreciative audience. The Cloverdale orchestra furnished the music and it was excellent.

Prof. Gough of DePauw University delivered the address and all who heard him are loud in eulogy of the effort. Prof. Gough has endeared himself to the students of Warren Township and many who are much beyond student years. His address was interesting and powerful and inspirational.

The diplomas were presented by Superintendent Thomas.

The annual Festival Concert will be given in Meharry Hall next Monday evening at 7:30. The School of Music will regard the unusual quality of this commencement occasion, and give this program to the visitors and the home public, with free admission. The following artists will render the program: Miss Aldah McCoy, pianoforte, Mrs. Anna Allen Smith, pianoforte, Mr. Adolph Schell-schmidt, Cello, Miss Louise Schell-schmidt, Harp, Miss Lulu Fisher, Soprano.

## THINK ABOUT IT

About what the Home Paper means to you and yours. It means all the interesting news of the community, of your neighbors and friends, of the churches and schools, of everything in which you are directly interested. Don't you think the Home Paper is a good thing to have?

## REFUSED TO PAY THE FINE

Dan Pitman Sentenced Some Time Since to Pay Into the City Treasury Because of Cruelty to Animals Is Behind the Bars.

## BONDSMAN ASKS HIS ARREST

This afternoon Marshal Reeves went to Higert's Saloon and placed under arrest Dan Pitman. The Marshal acted on the request of Spear Pitman, Dan's father, who is his bondsman on an unpaid fine for cruelty to animals. Dan was arrested last winter on the charge of cruelty, it being alleged that he had failed to feed and water a horse belonging to him until the animal was at the point of death and had to be killed. Dan was found guilty and fined. Dan had no money but his father vouched for the payment, and Dan was liberated.

Since then Dan has showed no intention of liquidating the debt due the city, and his father, fearing that the money would eventually come from his own pocket, notified the marshal that he would no longer stand responsible for the fine. As a result Dan languishes in the bastle, where he was placed after his arrest.

## THE STRAWBERRY CROP SHORT

Putnam County Growers Show Excellent Fruit But Report Limited Quantity and Short Season Due to Wet Weather.

The strawberry crop will be short. Lovers of the luscious berry will be grieved to learn that this is the verdict of Putnam County growers of the fruit. The berries now ripening are excellent in quality and taste, but few in number. Not only is the number short but the season is likely to be of less length than usual, thus curtailing the yield in two directions.

The short crop is attributed by the growers to the heavy rainfall at the time of pollenization. The rain washed the pollen from the blossom before fertilization was complete. It is especially noticeable that berries with upright stems bearing the blossoms exposed are yielding less than those varieties which have the drooping stems, and therefore protected blossoms. The frost did little injury but the wet weather made up for the frost's failure in this line, and we are not likely to can many berries this year.

Now is the time when you will need something extra for "Company" and no one is better prepared to furnish you with such "Extra good things" as we are.

Plenty of green vegetables and fresh fruits.

Our Bakery is turning out some of the finest cakes we ever baked.

Call us up and see about your wants.

ZEIS & CO.

PHOND 67

## MCDONALD TRIAL JUNE 22

Terre Haute Assassin is Taken to Court and Time of Trial is Set—Enters Plea of Not Guilty.

## ATTEMPT TO PREVENT TRIAL

With faltering, nervous hands, Henry F. McDonald yesterday attached his signature to a motion prepared by his attorney, Felix Blankenbaker, to quash the writ and set aside the service on the warrant. Neither the motion to quash nor the plea of abatement filed served to any purpose, the court setting June 22 as the date of the trial of the prisoner on the charge of murdering William E. Dwyer, chief of detectives. The attorney for the defense waived arraignment and entered a plea of not guilty.

Mr. Blankenbaker filed a motion to quash the writ and set aside the service on the warrant, asserting that the law intended that the prisoner should be in the hands of the wardens of one of the state prisons instead of in the Vigo County jail. After reading the statute the defense said:

"The prisoner can not be tried without the consent of the chief executive of this state. He has been found guilty on the charge of placing dynamite on the premises of one James W. Reese and in the contemplation of the law the prisoner is in the hands of the warden of one of the state prisons. He can not be taken from there by the sheriff and confined in the county jail, nor can he be tried until the governor gives his consent."

He held that sentence had never been suspended and that McDonald should be in prison instead of in jail. The judge overruled the motion to quash, but Mr. Blankenbaker was prepared with another weapon. He filed a plea of abatement, which set forth about the same argument used in the motion to quash. Prosecutor Cooper filed a demurrer which, when sustained by the court, blocked the efforts of the defense. The court then set the time for the trial.

When brought into court McDonald was seated directly in front of the court. The officers took seats near the prisoner and on all sides of him. An air of indifference predominated the defendant and he glanced around the room without the slightest quiver. McDonald's arm seemed to pain him considerably for he took it out of the sling and laid it on the table. His nervousness was displayed when he attempted to write and it seemed to require great effort.

While Mr. Cooper, who stood within a few feet of the prisoner, was talking McDonald watched him like an eagle and he plainly showed his unfriendliness. Speaking a few words with his attorney, McDonald returned to jail after the plea of not guilty had been entered. He did not seem despondent.—Brazil Times

## UNIVERSITY NEWS

There will be a meeting of the "D" men at the Phi Delta Theta house this evening at 6 o'clock. Important business will be discussed at that time and it is hoped that all men eligible will be present.

Ruthan Nichols and Herbert Cornelius left for Bloomington this morning at 8 o'clock. These two men make up the tennis team which will represent DePauw at the state tournament with Indiana University today and tomorrow. Owing to the poor management of the Tennis Association the team was obliged to pay their own entrance fee and expenses personally. Nichols and Cornelius are to be commended on their spirit in thus bearing their own fees when it should be defrayed by the school or by the Association itself. The team representing the Methodists last year was composed of Fairfield and Whitcomb the former graduating last year while the latter is still in school but was beaten in the tournament by Cornelius.

"Jake" Holterman of Hutsonville, Ill., was elected captain of the baseball team yesterday for the season of 1908-09. Mr. Holterman is a junior and a prominent member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

## Ensemble Recital

The Ensemble Recital of Adolph Schellschmidt's Class was given in

Music Hall yesterday evening. The program was as follows:

Bargiel, Adagio, Allegro, Misses Barton, Luther and Bence.  
Beethoven, Sonata for Violin and Piano, Misses Smock and Koehler.  
Gade, Andantino, Allegro, Misses Lyon, Luther and Bishop.  
Beethoven, Allegro, Miss Bence, Mrs. Starr and Miss Bence.  
Mendelssohn, First Movement, Op. 49, Misses Hickey, Luther and Wright.

## DEATH OF WILLIS MCCOY

Willis W. McCoy, one of Marion Township's oldest and best known citizens died today at his home north of Fillmore. Mr. McCoy was 70 years of age and had been in failing health for some time. His widow, Mrs. Eliza McCoy and six children survive him. Five of the children are residents of Putnam County. They are John McCoy, Lafe McCoy, Mrs. James Wright, Mrs. John Clark and Mrs. Columbus Christie. The other daughter, Mrs. Pearl Dix resides in Indianapolis. The funeral services on Saturday at 11 o'clock at the Christian Church in Fillmore, conducted by Rev. Brown.

## Monon Route Excursions.

To Des Moines, Ia., account annual conference German Baptists, June 1 to 5, inclusive, return limit, June 15, round trip, \$17.50.

To Louisville, Ky., account International Sunday School Convention, June 13 to 18, return limit, June 26, round trip, \$4.60.

To Chicago, account, Republican National Convention, June 13 to 16, return limit, June 27, round trip, \$5.40.

Homeseekers Excursions West, 1st and 3rd Tuesday each month. Summer and all year tickets to Tourist points on sale daily.

J. A. Michael, Agent.

## GREENCASTLE ELKS WIN

Members of Local Organization Come in for a Prize in the Great Contest in Indianapolis Wednesday by Having Most Members in Line.

## WAS THE "BABY" LODGE

Greencastle Elks captured one of the prizes in the Carnival parade in Indianapolis Wednesday afternoon by having in line the largest per cent of the membership of any of the visiting lodges. The Greencastle lodge was the "baby" lodge at the great "doings" in the city, "doings" participated in by Elks from many cities. Several prizes were offered, and Greencastle came in for a goodly one by having in line 81 per cent of all the members of the local lodge. It showed an interest in the organization that is sure to push it to the front among the lodges of the state.

Other prizes given were for the largest number in line, the most unique costume and the most handsome costume. But Greencastle was satisfied with the one taken. The local lodge went to Indianapolis in a special car over the interurban, taking with them the Bainbridge Band. Members are congratulating themselves on the showing made by the infant organization.

## Masonic Notice

The members of Temple Lodge, No. 47 F. & A. M. are hereby notified that there will be a called meeting to confer degrees of the order on Friday, the 5th day of June, 1908, at seven o'clock p. m. All M. M.'s in good standing invited. By order of the W. M. Attest, Benton Curtis, Secretary.

## CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

IS ON THE  
HONOR ROLL

Capital Stock \$100,000.00. Surplus Fund \$100,000.00.

## DIRECTORS

E. B. EVANS, F. A. ARNOLD, S. A. HAYS,  
BASCOM O'HAIR, QUINTON BROADSTREET.  
J. L. RANDEL, R. L. O'HAIR.

## THE OWL HARDWARE STORE

Has Changed Hands And The  
Entire Stock Will Be  
Closed Out at  
Big Discount Prices

Buggies, Cultivators, Disks, Gang Plows, Sulky Breaking Plows, Walking Breaking Plows, Hay Tedders, Cream Separators, Ranges, Cook and Heating Stoves, Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Wire Fencing, all kinds of Tinware and Cooking Utensils, Tubs, Wash Boilers, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Rakes, Refrigerators, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Lawn Swings, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Screen Wire, Window and Door Screens, Nails, Hinges, and many other articles.

## All Must be SOLD

And in order to do so will make greatly Reduced Prices. I mean what I say!

If you will call and get prices you will be convinced—you can't afford to miss this sale.

Spencer Ewing

Successor to OWL HARDWARE Co.

## Don't Darn The Sox Buy Guarantee Socks

6 Pairs of Socks in the Box  
\$1.50 per Box

We absolutely guarantee that these six pairs of socks will need no mending for six months from date of sale.

If they should wear in holes or rip during that period we agree upon surrender of worn pair to replace same free of charge according to provisions on guarantee ticket.

## Buying These Guarantee Socks

Will Be a Great Relief to The

Women Who Darn.

ALLEN BROTHERS



## THE HERALD

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## DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

GOVERNOR,  
 Thomas R. Marshall, Columbia City  
 LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,  
 Frank J. Hall, Rushville.  
 JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,  
 M. B. Lairy, Logansport.  
 ATTORNEY GENERAL,  
 Walter J. Loiz, Muncie.  
 SECRETARY OF STATE,  
 James F. Cox, Columbus.  
 AUDITOR OF STATE,  
 Marion Bailey, Linton.  
 TREASURER OF STATE,  
 John Isenbarger, N. Manchester.  
 APPELLATE JUDGE,  
 E. W. Felt, Greencastle.  
 REPORTER SUPREME COURT,  
 Burt New, North Vernon.  
 STATE STATISTICIAN,  
 P. J. Kehhecher, Indianapolis.  
 STATE SUPERINTENDENT,  
 Robert J. Aley, Bloomington.  
 FOR CONGRESS,  
 Ralph Moss, Clay County.  
 JOINT SENATOR,  
 F. C. Tilden, Greencastle.

## THE "KEY-NOTE" SPEECH.

Whether or not Mr. Marshall's speech at Richmond on Tuesday evening struck the key-note of the campaign only time can tell. That this speech did reveal that Indiana Democrats have nominated a man of whom they may be proud there is no doubt. So powerful was the speech, so gentlemanly its tone, so self-controlled and masterly its language and delivery that self-respecting Republican papers found nothing to cavil at. To be sure such papers as the Indianapolis Star and News do not agree with certain political conclusions reached by Mr. Marshall. This was not expected. Democratic views, were never, and possibly can never be Republican views. But the point is that these papers, as well as all thinking people who heard Mr. Marshall, or who have carefully read his speech came to the conclusion that he was a man to be trusted, honest in belief, straightforward in expression, in no way time-server nor hypocrite, always the same to all men. A man must be a man indeed who can win from the opposition press such eulogy as followed the Richmond speech. The Indianapolis Star, while not agreeing with the conclusions reached in regard to temperance and the Republican party, had the following to say of the man as a man:

"It seems to us that if Mr. Marshall were elected governor there is not a right-spirited citizen of Indiana but would rejoice that a man of such fibre and grace of character would sit for four years in the executive chair of the state." This indeed is high praise. It puts the emphasis where it belongs, upon the character of the man, after all the important thing in modern politics, as has been demonstrated by such men as Johnson of Minnesota and Roosevelt. As Democrats we are glad that the state at large appreciates that in Marshall we have a man in whom any voter

## DENNEWITZ &amp; SON

HAVE OPENED A  
**Blacksmith Shop**  
 In the old Houck Blacksmith Shop in South Greencastle.

We have a large line of tools and can do all kinds of Blacksmithing. Our prices are the lowest. Kindly give us a call. Horse shoeing a specialty.

## Buy Your

**Meat at Sackett's**

And Get a

**Key to the Money Box**

may have confidence, a man of character and power.

We note with pleasure that even in political methods we are making progress. Already we have reached a time when even the press of the different parties can speak of opposing men and measures without vituperation and misstatement. In all the more reputable of the state papers there has been a freedom from the mere bombast of praise or blame that is refreshing and healthful. Perhaps it points to a time when the party and the party spirit shall disappear and only men and measures be weighed in the calmness of judicial judgment untroubled by misstatement and slander.

## SOAP IN THE HORN

Made Camp Meeting Revivalist Swear and Fight—Sinner Repented at His Cost.

Oldest inhabitants will recall that the First M. E. church camp meeting was held at Hawkin's camp grounds near the M. E. church at or near Maysville, Daviess county, says the Washington Democrat. These meetings lasting as a rule ten days, after the busy season for farmer work was ended, were largely attended, drawing people—the laity—and ministers from a radius of twenty miles or more and of complete organization, ministers appointed to tasks. The services were frequent day and night and it was necessary to have a means of assembling the multitude.

One minister of powerful lungs was assigned to the duty of blowing a tin horn—or trumpet—loud and long. On an occasion when much religious fervor obtained the great preacher essayed to trumpet, but an obstruction hindered. He gave a powerful effort, and discharged a large quantity of soft soap in the presiding elder's face and over his best broadcloth, for a time almost blinding his reverence. After he had wiped the soap away for a time he was silent, then said:

"I've served the Lord thirty-eight years and during all that time never uttered a profane word, but I'll be d—d if I can't whip the man who soft soaped the horn."

Several hundred of people listened to him soon preach a most powerful sermon, awakening vast religious interest and concluding calls for penitents seeking pardon was made, and the altar soon filled.

The preacher took his place in the midst of 'em, giving words of consolation and hope, here and there till, watching a brother who was groaning so audibly he could be heard above all the rest.

Minister—"Brother, look, have hope," he said.

Penitent—"Oh, I've been such a great sinner!"

Minister—"Stolen something?"

Penitent—"Worse than that!"

Minister—"Committed murder?"

Penitent—"Worse than that!"

Quickly removing his coat the minister said: "Brother hold my coat!"

I've found the man who soft-soaped that horn."

Love's Awakening.

He criticised her puddings, and he didn't like her cake; he wished she'd make the biscuit that his mother used to make; she didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make a stew, and she didn't mend his stockings, as his mother used to do. Ah, well, she wasn't perfect, though she tried to do her best until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest. So when one day he went the same old rignarole all through she turned and boxed his ears. Just as his mother used to do.

Though something about her struck him when first her form he scanned, that something, you may rest assured, was not her darling hand. Alas, that rough awakening from love's delicious dream! It soured the milk of mutual love to anger clotted cream. So o'er the tiff they parted, a thing that oft occurs. He went home to his mamma, and she went home to hers.

Thinks It Saved His Life.

Lester M. Nelson, of Naples, Maine, says in a recent letter: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery many years, for coughs and colds, and I think it saved my life. I have found it a reliable remedy for throat and lung complaints, and would no more be without a bottle than I would without food." For nearly forty years New Discovery has stood at the head of throat and lung remedies. As a preventive of pneumonia, and healer of weak lungs it has no equal. Sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store, 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

## SERPENT OF AESCULAPIUS.

Worship of Snakes Led to Adoption of the Mystical Symbol.

It has been pointed out by Dr. Boudin that the worship of the serpent was so universal in antiquity that all temples came to be known as "draconia" (serpent houses).

However that may be, serpents were kept in many of the temples of antiquity, notably in those of Apollo, whose son, Aesculapius, is represented in ancient statuary carrying a serpent entwined round a staff or round his arm. The serpent, indeed, came in time to be the special mystical emblem or symbol of the Aesculapian art.

The serpents of the ancient Greek temples were in all probability relics of that primitive serpent worship which was at one time universal among prehistoric peoples and has not died out among many savage races at the present day.

And "voodoo," or "obi," serpent worship is still said to linger in the West Indies among the descendants of slaves.

In Haiti especially, where negroes were dumped down from Africa by the old slave traders and were kept in reserve before being sold to masters in the surrounding islands, voodoo has defied Roman Catholic missionaries and priests for ages. A French naval officer who visited the court of the Haitian potentate Souleuvre in 1849 described a voodoo ceremony where cannibalistic and other orgies were indulged in.

It is noticeable that the cock and black goat which were solemnly eaten on this occasion were both of them sacred to Aesculapius. Hence we may infer that the Aesculapian cultus was originally an innocent form of voodoo and at the same a primordial religion.

The extreme antiquity of serpent worship seems, indeed, to be hinted at in Genesis, where the devil appears in the guise of the snake god intent on the ruin of man. In the story of the brazen serpent healing qualities are attributed to the Image.—Lancet.

## A PECULIAR SPIDER.

He Catches Birds as Big as Larks in His Mammoth Web.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like that of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet, and, riding quickly in the early morning, you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining round your face like a lace veil, while, as the creature that has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right in the nose, and, though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate scale colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captive.

He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

Violet Ink the Cheapest.

"Look here, you, a literary man can't afford the extravagance of violet ink."

The literary man tore thoughtfully a pendent piece of leather from the sole of his shoe.

"I know," he admitted, "that violet ink costs three as much as black, but black corrodes a pen in a week, whereas violet is noncorrosive, and with its use it is possible to make one pen last six or seven months. The late Russell Sage, who used violet ink exclusively in his office, revealed this great truth to me during my brief clerical career in his office."—Exchange.

Didn't Want to Be Singular.

It was in the drawing room after dinner that they discussed an absent maiden friend's bad points with the usual grim and scathing glee. Having thoroughly dissected her personal appearance, they next paid attention to her mental shortcomings.

"She is a very singular girl," spake the one.

"Yes, indeed," responded her companion. "But, then, that is not her fault, for I never saw a girl so anxious to be plural."—Argonaut.

Where Pat Made a Mistake.

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Casey, "some man told me husband, Pat, that he'd have his pants pressed by lettin' th' steam roller run over them, an' Pat troid th' scheme."

"Well, phy do ye cry?" asked the friend, Mrs. Garrity.

"Oh," wailed the wife, "Pat forgot t' take th' pants off first!"—Judge.

One Advantage.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between genius and insanity? Pa—The lunatic, my son, is at least sure of his board and clothes.—Exchange.

## COUNTY NEWS

As Reported by Hustling Correspondents.

## BELLE UNION

On Friday evening, May 29 several of the neighbors and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wilson and gave a surprise in honor of their daughter, Lida, it being her 17th birthday. Each one brought their cup and sugar and the evening was spent in pulling taffy and playing games. Refreshments of cake and peaches were served at a late hour. Those present were Rev. and Mrs. Marion Hurst, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Moser, Rev. Wm. Runyan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCamack and grandson, Dennis, Mrs. Eliza Larkin, Mrs. Mary Hill and son, James, Mrs. Clara Hill and nephew, Elden McCamack, Mrs. Lonie Larkin, Mrs. John Cohn, Mrs. Eliza Vaughn, Mrs. Flora Vaughn, Mrs. Louise Dobbs and children, Rosalee, Zella and Rolie, Mr. Jay Moser, Mrs. Maranda McCamack and daughter, Pearl, Mrs. Jim McCamack and daughter, Rena, Miss Katherine McAninch, Mr. Robert Hollingsworth, Misses Elizabeth and Daisy Dorsett, Maggie Hurst, Mattie Pruitt, Mamie and Ada Hollingsworth, Mrs. Fannie Smith and daughter, Rosa, Mildred, Mabel and Yale. All left at a late hour having enjoyed themselves fine and wishing Lida many more such happy birthdays.

Rev. and Mrs. Reuben Masten visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Tom Vaughn at Greencastle Monday.

Mrs. Laura McCamack called on Mrs. Anna Wilson Saturday evening. Sunday visitors at Maranda McCamack's Sunday were Mrs. Clara Hill, Mr. and Mrs. George Hurst, Mrs. Eliza Larkin, Mrs. Daisy Larkin.

Several from around here went to the convention Sunday at chapel. Sunday School is progressing nicely.

Mrs. Eliza Vaughn visited Louise Dobbs and children one night last week.

Misses Elizabeth and Daisy Dorsett spent Friday night with Miss Mrs. Lela Dobbs Sunday night.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Moser visited Mr. Van Runyan and family at Gosport Saturday night.

Misses Lida Wilson and Mamie Hollingsworth visited Miss Lela Dobbs Sunday night.

Goldie and Ruby Larkin have been visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Larkin the past week.

The Belle Union Band played at Cloverdale Saturday and Paragon Sunday.

Mrs. Louise Dobbs and children visited Mrs. A. R. Wilson Friday night.

Mrs. Emma Hill visited her daughter Mrs. Reuben Masten Sunday.

Mrs. John Cohn called on her sister, Mrs. Reuben Masten Sunday evening.

Mr. Charley Michael and family visited Mr. A. R. Wilson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Scott went to commencement at Greencastle Friday. Their daughter, Nola, being one of the graduates.

## REELSVILLE

Foster Pickett and son, Earl, who have been in Texas for the latter's health, have returned home.

Died, May 28, of consumption after a lingering illness the wife of James Job. She leaves to mourn her demise, husband and nine children. Burial was at Cloverdale Saturday the 30th. The bereaved family has the sincere sympathy of this entire community.

Gilbert Rogers is moving his house. A Brazil firm is doing the work.

Dr. O. P. Mercer hied away to Brazil Sunday night and was married to Miss Obenchain. They immediately took the train for Yellow Stone Park where they will spend a honeymoon. They will be at home June 15 in the residence recently purchased on Third Street Reelsville.

John Urton lost a valuable yearling colt by death.

H. M. Smith is having his house repaired.

Walter King of Indianapolis was in town Saturday.

Dr. King of Greencastle will fill Dr. Mercer's place during the absence of the latter.

A horse ran over Isaac Beeman last week and broke his collar bone. The fact that Mr. Beeman is 70 years old makes the injury more serious. Dr. Mercer gave him medical attention and at this writing he is as well as could be expected.

## TATER RIDGE

Born to Alvin Gowan and wife, May 29 a daughter. It's name is Lela Zella.

Several from here attended the funeral of Mr. Fortune at Fillmore Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Garret went to Greencastle Saturday.

Mr. M. G. Stewart of Westport was on our ridge Monday.

Jessie O'Neal spent last week with her uncle, Garret McCray.

They have now opened the Proctor crib of corn at seventy cents a bushel.

Wm. Purcell and wife and son visited Alvin Gowan and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Ogle went to Forest, Ind., to see her new grand daughter Thursday.

Mr. Thompson and wife, Mrs. Minnie Moss and Mrs. Alpha Glidewell and children of Terre Haute visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Arnold Sunday.

Bertha and Gilbert Clark of Bainbridge visited Bertie and Mabel Wright Saturday night.

Mrs. Jennie and Ethel Purcell went to Fillmore Saturday.

Earl Buntan and wife visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Arnold Sunday.

Hazel Garret called on Mrs. Laura Wright Saturday evening.

Garret McCray and son, Paul, went to Greencastle Friday.

## BROADPARK

Aunt Phoebe Wood is spending this week at Mr. Hugh Parker's. A good crowd attended the Sunday School convention at the chapel Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott and children of near Belle Union spent Saturday night and Sunday at Mr. Fletcher Walter's.

Miss Minto Sechman visited at her father's of near Mt. Meridian Saturday night.

Several from around here attended Decoration at Stilesville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James McAninch spent Sunday with Mr. Rube McAninch and family.

Mrs. Ida Dobbs and Mrs. Ella McClellan were at Indianapolis one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Parker visited Sunday at Mr. Raymond Hurst's.

Mr. Thomas Broadstreet has bought a new carriage and buggy.

Mr. Alce Lewis is no better at this writing.

Mr. John Butler and Mr. Ernest Ellett took a load of hogs to Indianapolis last week.

Miss Mae Allee visited Miss Mildred Stringer Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. James Walters and children and Miss Eva Chenoweth visited Mrs. Court Sims Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Joe Salsman and children spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. John Stringer.

Grandma Cline is visiting at Mr. Fletcher Walter's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parker and children visited at Stilesville Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Lida Buis visited Miss Mildred Stringer Saturday afternoon.

Almost all the farmers have finished planting corn.

Mrs. Nathaniel Stringer visited at Mr. Hugh Parker's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Corrie Buis and Mr. John Stringer sheared their sheep in the old fashioned way last week.

## GOLDEN HILLS

Most farmers done planting corn. Everything growing fast.

Mr. and Mrs. Welton called on Jacob Shoemaker and wife Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hurst entertained quite a number of boys last Sunday in honor of Master Kenneth's birthday. Kenneth spent Saturday night with Artie Brown and when he returned home Sunday morning Artie came with him to spend the day. The other guests had already assembled and were hiding in the house so that he did not know of their presence until they entered the room where he was. He was completely surprised but soon was ready for as much fun as anyone. A bouctious dinner was served and all enjoyed the day to the fullest extent. There being about sixteen boys present it was quite a crowd that assembled at Sunday School in the afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Hurst. All joined in wishing Master Kenneth many more happy returns of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Shane were called to Clayton Sunday to the bedside of Mr. Shane's sister, Mrs. Lee Runnels, who is quite ill with heart trouble.

Mr. Alva Gowan and wife are the parents of a new girl.

Mrs. Mike Craver is slowly improving in health but is still very sick.

## COATESVILLE

Darius Masten, Greely Bryant and Dave Campbell attended the Masonic Lodge at Greencastle Monday night.

Quite a number from here attended the Decoration exercises at Stilesville Sunday.

Mrs. Ada Draper visited in Indianapolis last week.

The ball game between Indianapolis Coca Cola and Coatesville resulted in a victory for Coatesville. Score 12 to 9.

Forest Webster of Greencastle spent Saturday and Sunday with Tyra Masten and family.

The Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias will hold a memorial in the Christian Church, Sunday, June 7, at 2:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Albert Baldock and family have returned from California.

Dr. Williams and wife are in Chicago this week attending the American Medical Association.

## WEST UNION

Ruby Bond visited Lola Torr a few days last week.

Reuben Rogers has sold some land to Mary Burks.

Ed McMurry and wife of Terre Haute have been visiting Wm. McMurry.

Cleo Rollings attended the High School Commencement at Greencastle Friday night.

Robert Athey of Greencastle spent Monday with John McElroy.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk spent Sunday with their son, Walter Kirk.

Born to Perry B. Rollings and wife, June 1, a ten pound boy.

Sunday visitors at Hiram Rollings were Mrs. Albie Druce and Kate Heber of Bainbridge, John White and family and Ed Rogers.

Ross Wells and Mae Hibbs of Greencastle spent Saturday evening with Cleo Rollings.

## MORTON

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Crodian were at Indianapolis Monday buying goods.

Miss Goldie Newgent is visiting at James Nutgrass's.

W. G. Whitted and family spent Sunday with James Nutgrass.

George K. Lloyd was at Forest Home stock farm at Stilesville last week.

Bill Trump is all smiles—it is a big boy.

Several around here expect to go to Portland Mills to the all-day meeting.

J. F. Shonkewiler and James Nutgrass are the champion sheep shearers; some days they shear as many

## When You Want Something Good to Eat

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as nlne. Mrs. Hallie Gibson Couchman of Danville, Ills., is visiting Wallace Gibson.

Mrs. James Nutgrass visited Frank Call's Tuesday.

## FINCASTLE

Several people out on Decoration Day.

Albert Underwood spent Saturday in Greencastle.

Carpentersville played Fincastle Sunday, May 31. The score was 7 to 6 in favor of Fincastle.

Carl Watson and family did trading in Bainbridge Saturday.

Mrs. Nettie Underwood and children and Miss Carrie Brown spent Saturday in Roadchade.

Mrs. Charles Crodgin and daughter, Margaret, went to Blakesburg Cemetery Friday afternoon.

The commencement was well attended.

Mr. Otha Fallor of Parksburg was seen here Sunday.

Miss Margaret Crodgin and mother called on Mrs. Nettie Underwood Friday afternoon.

## PUTNAMVILLE

Miss Lelle Danhour starts for Oklahoma next Saturday for an indefinite stay.

Decoration Day was very appropriately celebrated here. A good program of songs, recitations, music by the Putnamville band and a stunning address by the Rev. Whitman were features of the occasion.

from away were John Stone, Mrs. Lida Parks, Roy Hester and Mr. and Mrs. Percy of Indianapolis.

W. H. Wallen and wife were at Gosport Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Sigman was the victim of a wrecked buggy near the overhead bridge. His horse frightened at an automobile.

John Bowen was at Coates



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### McDONALD TRIAL JUNE 22

Terre Haute Assassin is Taken to Court and Time of Trial is Set—Enters Plea of Not Guilty.

### ATTEMPT TO PREVENT TRIAL

With faltering, nervous hands, Henry F. McDonald yesterday attached his signature to a motion prepared by his attorney, Felix Blankenbaker, to quash the writ and set aside the service on the warrant. Neither the motion to quash nor the plea of abatement filed served to any purpose, the court setting June 22 as the date of the trial of the prisoner on the charge of murdering William E. Dwyer, chief of detectives. The attorney for the defense waived arraignment and entered a plea of not guilty.

Mr. Blankenbaker filed a motion to quash the writ and set aside the service on the warrant, asserting that the law intended that the prisoner should be in the hands of the wardens of one of the state prisons instead of in the Vigo County jail. After reading the statute the defense said:

"The prisoner can not be tried without the consent of the chief executive of this state. He has been found guilty on the charge of placing dynamite on the premises of one James W. Reese and in the contemplation of the law the prisoner is in the hands of the warden of one of the state prisons. He can not be taken from there by the sheriff and confined in the county jail, nor can he be tried until the governor gives his consent."

He held that sentence had never been suspended and that McDonald should be in prison instead of in jail. The judge overruled the motion to quash, but Mr. Blankenbaker was prepared with another weapon. He filed a plea of abatement, which set forth about the same argument used in the motion to quash. Prosecutor Cooper filed a demurrer which, when sustained by the court, blocked the efforts of the defense. The court then set the time for the trial.

When brought into court McDonald was seated directly in front of the court. The officers took seats near the prisoner and on all sides of him. An air of indifference predominated the defendant and he glanced around the room without the slightest quiver. McDonald's arm seemed to pain him considerably for he took it out of the sling and laid it on the table. His nervousness was displayed when he attempted to write and it seemed to require great effort.

While Mr. Cooper, who stood within a few feet of the prisoner, was talking McDonald watched him like an eagle and he plainly showed his unfriendliness. Speaking a few words with his attorney, McDonald returned to jail after the plea of not guilty had been entered. He did not seem despondent.—Brazil Times

**The Best Pills Ever Sold.**  
 "After doctoring 15 years for chronic indigestion, and spending over two hundred dollars, nothing has done me as much good as Dr. King's New Life Pills. I consider them the best pills ever sold," writes B. F. Ayseue, of Ingleside, N. C. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store, 25 cents.

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## EUGENE ARAM'S LIFE.

The Remarkable Career of This Famous Murderer.

### A SCHOLAR AND A SCOUNDREL

The Hero of Bulwer's Novel and Hood's Poem Was Really a Vile Criminal Who Abandoned Wife and Children and Knew No Remorse.

Eugene Aram, the scholar and murderer who inspired two of the masterpieces of English literature—Hood's poem and Bulwer's novel—was hanged on Aug. 6, 1756.

Aram was born in 1704 in Yorkshire. By the time he was fourteen years old he was regarded in the neighborhood as a prodigy of learning. His fame for piety and gentleness as a scholar spread, and as a result he was invited to Knaresborough to open a school in 1734. There a strange development took place in Aram's character. He formed an association with a drinking, turbulent crowd of men, the opposite of himself, among them Daniel Clark, who kept a little cobblers' shop, and Richard Houseman, a dandy dresser.

In 1745 Clark married a woman with a small fortune of £1,000. Immediately he and his companions devised a scheme to rob her and her friends. Clark was to obtain all the goods he could on credit and hand them over to Aram and Houseman, who were to deposit them in a safe place. Then after securing the plunder Clark was to decamp, leaving his wife to shift for herself, and the property was to be sold and divided among the three men.

Clark went about procuring a wide variety of articles on credit. He pretended he was about to give a great wedding feast and borrowed silver tankards, salvers, spoons, etc., from whoever would lend them. As fast as the different articles were obtained Clark, accompanied by Aram and Houseman, carried them to a place called St. Robert's cave.

When Clark had "borrowed" about everything valuable his acquaintances had to lend, the plotters decided it was time for him to disappear. So in the early morning of Feb. 8, 1745, he, Aram and Houseman went to the cave to divide the spoils before Clark left. Aram and Clark had quarreled a good deal during the progress of predatory operations. At the entrance to the cave the quarrel was renewed, and Aram pushed Clark away and rained down tremendous blows on his head and chest. Clark fell dead.

Houseman, terrified at the sight and, as he said, afraid of meeting the same fate, turned and ran away. Aram did not show a particle of remorse or fear. He gathered up the booty and carried it to his house, where he buried part of it in the garden. He buried Clark's body and heaped stones over the grave. In the afternoon he went for Houseman and threatened him if he disclosed the murder and made him believe he was equally guilty in law.

Clark's disappearance was not noticed for a day or two. Then the people from whom he had "borrowed" jewelry and plate began to make inquiries. Suspicion was directed to Aram in some way. The village authorities searched his house and found a bundle containing battered plate and clothing stained with blood. Notwithstanding this, no action seems to have been taken by the authorities, nor was it suspected that Clark had been murdered. The neighbors began to jeer at the learned schoolmaster, however, and Aram suddenly left his wife and children and walked to London.

For fourteen years his family heard nothing of him. He spent the greater part of the time wandering about from place to place, at last finding a situation as usher in a school at Lynn. In June, 1758, a horse dealer who had known him in Knaresborough met him in the Lynn market. Aram denied his identity. By a singular coincidence, almost the day the horse dealer accosted the now gray haired schoolteacher, a skeleton was found by some workmen digging a pit in Thistle hill, in Knaresborough.

A country town has a keen recollection of everything that has occurred to disturb it, and immediately the disappearance of Clark fourteen years before was remembered. Houseman still alive, got drunk first and then joined the crowd of villagers looking at the exhumed skeleton. "Clark," he said with drunken gravity, "was never buried here."

The latter, still too drunk to realize the gravity of his position, muttered that Clark's body would be found in St. Robert's cave. The crowd made a rush for that place, and soon a skeleton was exhumed.

"I did not kill him!" gasped Houseman, now thoroughly sober and terrified. "It was Aram. I had no part."

Houseman was taken to the village jail, and a warrant was sworn out for Aram. When the officers took him away from the school the pupils cried. The government used Houseman as a witness to convict Aram. The latter's speech in his own defense has come down complete—a masterly attack on circumstantial evidence, showing the intellectual power of the man. Aram made a half confession the night before his execution, followed by an attempt at suicide. According to the custom of the time, his body was hanged in chains, and it swung in Knaresborough forest until 1778. Years later, when the details of his crime were dim, his remarkable career attracted Hood and Bulwer, and thus the obscure, talented, perverted man became a part of English literature.—Exchange.

### The Romance of Dutch Pictures.

A romantic story of a picture purchased at a London auction which on expert examination proved to be painted over a Rembrandt worth £8,000 is curiously reminiscent of the discovery of a Correggio under similar circumstances. A good many years ago two picture restorers, Lovera and Hunter-spergh, bought at an art sale in Rome a number of old pictures in order to provide themselves with canvases for repainting. In the division of the spoils Hunterspergh received an indifferent picture of flowers, on which he painted a study of a head. This picture he offered to Lovera, who on close examination found that the new ground scaled off and that underneath were traces of a figure painted in a style that denoted the hand of a master. Replacing the scales and concealing his discovery, he purchased the picture for little more than the value of the canvas. Removing the two grounds, he disclosed an exceedingly clever painting by Correggio, which he sold to the Earl of Bristol for £1,500.—Dundee Advertiser.

### Dogs of Luxury.

The appearance of little dogs as objects of luxury goes back to the most ancient times. Documents are not wanting that go to show that Greek and Roman women had little dogs which were idolized by their mistresses. Even men, particularly among foreigners, were not ashamed to walk the streets of Rome with pet dogs under their arms. Speaking of this subject, Plutarch relates that Julius Caesar, seeing one day in Rome some strangers thus loaded with their dogs, asked them ironically whether the women of their country did not bear children. Terentia, the daughter of Lucius Aurelius Paulus, was so fond of her dog that in the moment of bidding farewell to her father, who was about to leave his country and his family to wage war against Perses, king of Macedonia, she frankly admitted that the sadness imprinted on her face was due to the death of her pet dog Persa. In Europe the greyhounds were the first favorites of women during the middle ages.—Boston Post.

### Too Much of a Good Thing.

George Marshall, a philanthropist who always kept a sharp lookout never to be wasteful, decided to go for a week's camping, taking as his guests some ragged street urchins. One morning he used the bits of meat left from the evening before and made hash for breakfast. There was some left over, which he concluded to reheat and serve again at noon.

"Johnnie, will you have some hash?" he asked one lad.

"Bet your life," replied the lad, who was constitutionally hungry. "Peter, pass your plate for some hash"—to another freckled nosed lad. "Not if I know it," was the unexpected reply.

"I thought you liked hash from the way you ate it this morning," replied Mr. Marshall.

"I did like it for breakfast," said the lad, "but none of your review of reviews for me for dinner."—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Sided With Father.

"There is a little chap in our town," said the suburbanite, "whose father and mother have words quite frequently, and have them loud enough to be heard by the neighbors. The burden of their recriminations when audible is, on the wife's part, that she ever lowered the Hicks family sufficiently to marry a Stubbs, and on his part that he ever honored the Hicks family by allying it with the house of Stubbs.

"One day last summer the young son of the house went fishing. He had barely got his line into the brook when he heard his mother calling him. 'There it is,' said he disgustedly; 'the minute the Stubbs begin to fish the Hickses begin to holler.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Lesson in Thrift.

A lesson in thrift is found in the advice given by Congressman John E. Andrus to a young man for whom he had secured a minor appointment in the capitol at Washington. Meeting the young fellow in the capitol, he placed a hand on his shoulder and remarked:

"William, you are just beginning your life. Let me give you a bit of sound advice: When you leave your boarding house in the morning never take more than 30 cents in your pockets, enough perhaps for your luncheon and for car fare. You will then not be tempted to spend more than you can afford."—Yonkers Statesman.

### Unchanging Man.

Mortal man offers but little difference in spite of the diversity of race and climate, and in analyzing the Egyptian we almost find ourselves reproduced. Intellectual man also manifests a singular identity of aspiration and belief from the Nile to the Ganges and from the Euxinos to the Arno.—Mercure de France.

### Some Grains of Luck.

"Is your husband having any luck at the race track?"  
 "Some luck," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He hasn't caught cold nor had his pockets picked."—Washington Star.

### A True Patriot.

"Johnny, what's a patriot?"  
 "A boy who'd rather miss seein' de game dan go in on a ball knocked over de fence by de visitin' team."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Not Entirely One.

"And so they were made one."  
 "Oh, I don't know. I believe she still has a mind of her own."—Exchange.

## The Real Prince

MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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How Katherine Searle came to be Jack Carrington's ward belongs to the early chapters of a long story. It dates back, in fact, fifteen years, when Katherine was a three-year-old baby and Carrington a young man of twenty.

But at the beginning of the present chapter, after having been "finished off" at a very proper boarding school, Katherine had just returned from a winter in Europe, with Carrington's married sister.

And Carrington as he sat in the twilight on the luxuriously appointed porch of his out of town house was expectantly awaiting a promised after dinner talk with her.

In accordance with a long and carefully formulated plan he felt that the time had now come for him to take Katherine seriously in hand and to prepare her for the prominent part she was sure to play in a world of admiring but, alas, inconstant men.

Katherine, radiant in a fluffy glory of some soft, delicate stuff beyond man's comprehension, at length tripped out through the casement door and perched herself affectionately on the arm of her guardian's easy chair. He took her little white hand in his and patted it gently as he would a child's.

"I suppose you haven't begun to think about marriage yet, little girl?" he asked by way of tactful beginning.

"Begin to think about it?" echoed Katherine. "Why, I've always thought about it—always and always."

Carrington looked up in amazement. "I'm," he mused. "I haven't begun a moment too soon, it seems." Then aloud he added: "So you've always thought about marriage, my dear? Well, well! And what have you thought about it?"

Katherine threw her arms about his neck and gave him an energetic hug. Then she placed a cushion at his feet and settled herself comfortably.

"I'll tell you," she began confidentially. "I've always adored fairy stories, and of course there's a glorious young prince in every fairy story, you know."

Well, it was always fun when I was a little girl to imagine myself the beautiful princess whom the prince was looking for—and now I'm grown up, guardedly, dear, it's just as much fun," she finished naively.

Carrington laughed heartily. He was greatly relieved.

"Imaginary princes are all very harmless and proper, little girl," he commented indulgently, "but pretty soon you'll begin to think about real everyday men."

"Pretty soon?" she queried teasingly. "Dear me!" exclaimed Carrington, with an unconcern he was far from feeling. "You've not thought about real men already?"

"You'd call Harvey Dutton a real man, wouldn't you?" Katherine asked, looking at him roguishly.

Carrington's jesting mood passed in a flash. He shut his teeth with sudden vexation.

"Where did you meet Harvey Dutton?" he inquired searchingly.

"On the steamer coming back," answered Katherine. "Your sister introduced him. He's really very devoted to me. He's coming around later this evening. He sings, you know, and I've promised to play his accompaniments. Don't you like him, guardy? You don't look as though you do."

"Oh, Dutton's all right," he answered good naturedly, suddenly alive to the fact that he must play his hand cautiously. "You evidently like him, little girl?" he parried.

"I don't know really, guardy. But he likes me. That's as far as we've got." Was Katherine's ingenuous reply. "I'm not taking him very seriously because, you see, somehow he isn't exactly like the prince I've been expecting."

"I should hope not," muttered Carrington.

"What did you say?"

"I said he's coming across the lawn now," evaded Carrington. "I'll stay out here and listen to the music if you don't mind, Kit."

"Just as you like, guardy, dear," laughed Kitty. "I'll come out again after he's gone and tell you how we got on."

"Well?" asked Carrington an hour or so later as Katherine appeared suddenly in the doorway.

She did not answer, but stood as if spellbound. This was a bad sign—a very bad sign, as Carrington interpreted it.

"Well?" he ventured again, this time a trifle peremptorily.

"Guardy," exclaimed Katherine, her rapid expression breaking into the merest of smiles, "I'd forgotten you were out here."

"That's the way it seemed to me," returned Carrington dryly. "Dutton has a very alluring voice, hasn't he? Come over here, you mischievous kitten, and confess, as you promised."

Katherine came slowly.

"I'll tell you, guardy," she began hesitatingly, perching herself, as usual, on the arm of his chair—"that is, if I can. I hardly know myself how I feel. You see, when Mr. Dutton isn't singing I don't like him any better than I do lots of other men, not nearly as well as some, but—"

"Lots of other men, did I understand you to say?" interrupted Carrington.

"Oh, well, three or four, guardy! What do a half dozen, more or less, matter?"

"There's safety in numbers, to be sure," replied Carrington tritely.

"But let's get back to Dutton. You

were going to tell me how you feel about him."

Immediately Katherine dropped her frivolous mood and became thoughtful. "When he's talking, guardy, he might just as well be any man, as I told you, but when he sings, well—"

"Well?"

"I almost feel that my prince has come," breathed Katherine ecstatically. "It's! Very romantic," was Carrington's chilling comment. "When will you see him again?"

"Not for a week. He was to go up to town on important business," sighed Katherine.

"Well, off to bed with you now, my child," ordered the stern guardian, "and may some good fairy tell you how to know the real prince when he comes."

A week later to a night Carrington again sat listening to Dutton's full magnetic voice as, with seductive ease, it glided through one love song after another to Katherine's sympathetic accompaniment.

Suddenly there came a pause in the singing—a long pause. Carrington waited for the sound of talking, but the silence was unbroken.

Without stopping to weigh the justice of motive or consequences, he jumped up determinedly and made a dramatic entrance into the music room.

Dutton, startled, straightened himself stiffly. He had been leaning over Katherine, looking into her eyes with passionate pleading.

"This business must stop right here," commanded Carrington, looking Dutton squarely in the eye.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Carrington," replied Dutton haughtily. "If you have been eavesdropping you could have heard nothing, for nothing has been said."

"No; that's just the trouble," retorted Carrington hotly. "Nothing has been said. Miss Searle is my ward, as you know, and it is my duty to protect her from such sorcerers as you. I happen to know that, like the carefully guarded ladies in the fairy tales, she is waiting for her prince to come"—here Carrington smiled down upon Katherine gently and placed his arm about her—"a real prince, Mr. Dutton. They wear many disguises, you know, and the lady's protector has to be on the alert."

Dutton turned ashy white.

"I trust that she may find her real prince," he answered scornfully and walked angrily from the room.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away Katherine flung both her warm white arms around Carrington's neck. Her eyes were full of shining tears, but her lips were smiling.

"Guardy," she said softly, "I have found my prince!"

"Katherine, you don't mean"—began Carrington joyfully.

"Yes—Jack—I do."

"And so," said Jack lovingly, after he had kissed her until she protested, "this is the end of the fairy story?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Katherine softly. "They lived happily ever after, you know."

**Exercise or Die.**

Every man and woman must do some muscular work or take equivalent exercise, else they will die long before their natural time. And if one's vocation involves the use of only one set of muscles work must be found for the other muscles, else the individual becomes disproportionately in form and eventually a prey to disease.

A bodycarrier, who is required to use nearly all his muscles, exerting himself close to the limit of his strength for many hours daily, never gives any thought to artificial exercise, for he has no need of any. But the professional man, the clerk, the typist and the saleswoman—all these find little real use for the muscles in their daily employment, and they require to take up some system of physical exercise to maintain normal health. Then there are factory operatives and the tollers in various trades, whose work brings into play certain sets of muscles, while others are out of use. These require exercise adapted to giving employment to the neglected muscles. There is also a class of wealthy people who do no regular work of any kind, who require to follow some strength giving sport in lieu of work. At the opposite extreme is a class of athletes who make a business of artificial exercise and build themselves up into mountains of muscle. These almost invariably overdo and in consequence suffer later.—Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

### A Real Fire Engine.

In all the varied list of curious causes of fires perhaps the most absurd was the source of a conflagration that occurred in Worcestershire, England, in 1902. The Worcester Insurance company decided to change its fire engine from a horse drawn vehicle to one operated by a motor. The work was not quite completed when the company received warning of a fire which had broken out on a farm at nearby Kempsey village. However, the engine was in sufficient running order to be sent on forthwith under the action of the newly installed motor.

Unhappily the engine's funnel had not been protected by a spark protector. As a result the trail of the snorting mechanism was embellished with a gorgeous train of sparks. Therein lay the cause of trouble. In a lane the fire engine met a wagon loaded with straw, which it promptly set on fire. Unheeding it hurried on its way and in its course presently ignited some stacks which bordered on the road. It still pushed on relentlessly, however, and came to a standstill only when the water tube of the motor burst. It was still some hundreds of yards from its destination, and there it remained ingloriously helpless while the fire at the farm burned itself out.—Boston Post.

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### INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lv. G. C. for Ind. Lv. Ind. for G. C.	
6:15 a. m. ....	6:00 a. m.
7:15 a. m. ....	7:00 a. m.
8:15 a. m. ....	8:00 a. m.
9:15 a. m. ....	9:00 a. m.
10:15 a. m. ....	10:00 a. m.
11:15 a. m. ....	11:00 a. m.
12:15 p. m. ....	12:00 p. m.
1:15 p. m. ....	1:00 p. m.
2:15 p. m. ....	2:00 p. m.
3:15 p. m. ....	3:00 p. m.
4:15 p. m. ....	4:00 p. m.
5:15 p. m. ....	5:00 p. m.
6:15 p. m. ....	6:00 p. m.
7:15 p. m. ....	7:00 p. m.
8:15 p. m. ....	8:00 p. m.
9:15 p. m. ....	9:00 p. m.
11:15 p. m. ....	11:30 p. m.
* 3:27 p. m. ....	* 4:45 a. m.

\* Freight trains.

### Lv. G. C. for T. H. Lv. T. H. for G. C.

5:41 a. m. ....	5:30 a. m.
6:41 a. m. ....	6:30 a. m.
7:41 a. m. ....	7:30 a. m.
8:41 a. m. ....	8:30 a. m.
9:41 a. m. ....	9:30 a. m.
10:41 a. m. ....	10:30 a. m.
11:41 a. m. ....	11:30 a. m.
12:41 p. m. ....	12:30 p. m.
1:41 p. m. ....	1:30 p. m.
2:41 p. m. ....	2:30 p. m.
3:41 p. m. ....	3:30 p. m.
4:41 p. m. ....	4:30 p. m.
5:41 p. m. ....	5:30 p. m.
6:41 p. m. ....	6:30 p. m.
7:41 p. m. ....	7:30 p. m.
8:41 p. m. ....	8:30 p. m.
10:41 p. m. ....	10:30 p. m.
* 8:00 a. m. ....	* 12:10 p. m.

\* Freight trains.

To stop a train at night display a light.

### RUPERT BARTLEY.

### MONON TIME CARD

In effect January 16, 1908.	
NORTH BOUND	
No. 4 Chicago Mail .....	1:23 am
No. 6 Chicago Express .....	12:13 pm
No. 10 F. Lick & Laf. Acco. ....	9:32 am
No. 12 Bedford & Laf. Acco. ....	5:52 pm
SOUTH BOUND	
No. 3 Louisville Mail .....	2:13 am
No. 5 Louisville Express .....	2:21 pm
No. 9 F. Lick & Laf. Acco. ....	5:20 pm
No. 11 Bedford & Laf. Acco. ....	8:03 am
All trains run on Sunday.	
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## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

## What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Timothy Murphy is on the sick list.

Miss Mary Hyten is visiting Lado-ga home folks.

Henry Fred of Cloverdale spent the day here today.

Mrs. Rebecca Rowe is spending the day in Indianapolis.

Florence Fields is visiting friends at Patricksburg for a few days.

John Allmon of the Northwestern University is the guest of DePauw friends.

Miss Jessie Burton of Lafayette is the guest of Miss Joseph at Mrs. Pottorff's.

Dr. J. Gillespy is in Chicago attending the meeting of the Medical Association.

Mrs. Major Harrison of Indianapolis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mary Harrison.

Mrs. Ada Singleton and Gertrude Chad of Bainbridge were calling on Greencastle friends today.

Mrs. Lou Honecker who has been the guest of Mrs. J. H. Goble returned to her home at Thornstown today.

A special student's program will be given by the School of Music in Meharry Hall, Saturday evening at 7:30.

Dr. and Mrs. McGaughey have returned from Chicago where the doctor was in attendance at the Medical Association.

Miss Gayle Dorsey of Cloverdale attended the meeting of the Eastern Star here last evening, returning home this morning.

Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Shields and little daughter, Mary Elmore, returned to their home at Freedom this morning after a visit with Rev. J. T. Vance and family here. They were accompanied by Mrs. Shields' mother, Mrs. Mary Rhodes.

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**BADGER & GREEN**

Miss Louise O'Hair is the guest of Danville friends.

Miss Eva Carter left today for her home in Indianapolis.

E. L. Harris was a passenger on the 1:15 car this afternoon.

Capt. and Mrs. Wilbur Starr are spending the day with Bainbridge friends.

Mrs. H. L. Jackson and Mrs. J. T. Halton are visiting friends in Crawfordville.

Miss Jodie Minton of Indianapolis is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Butler.

The third section of the term recital will be given in Meharry Hall this evening at 7:30.

Mrs. Amanda Guntel of Thornstown is here for the summer with her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Goble.

Mrs. Mary McVey who has been visiting Mrs. Chavis here returned this morning to her home in Cloverdale.

Mrs. Bessie Grooms Keenan and family of LeRoy, Ills., are visiting Mr. Keenan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Grooms.

There will be an ice cream social on the east side of the South Greencastle Church Tuesday night, June 9, 1908. Everybody invited.

Mrs. Deitrich, Miss Emma Miller and Miss May O'Conner attended the meeting of the Beechwood Pleasant Circle Club at Mr. P. W. McNary's this afternoon.

Next week will be an important one in this city theatrically, as our citizens will have an opportunity of seeing one of the best stock companies ever organized, and the finest tented theatre on the road. The Harris Company will be here all the week and exhibit on the Kreigh lot, corner Indiana and Chestnut Streets. The company is headed by the very clever young actor, Robert H. Harris and Marie LaTour, an actress of exceptional ability. There are over 50 people in the company, including a fine brass band, and orchestra. The famous Desmond Trio are the vandyville headliners and there are six specialties all told. The opening production will be "Escaped from the Harem," and the plays will be changed nightly. Prices are but 10 and 20 cents.

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## The Harris Comedy Company



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PRICES 10 and 20 Cents.

Under the famous Bernhardt Tent, and the clever young actor Robert H. Harris, supported by the strongest stock company ever organized. 50 people in all. The finest canvas theatre in the world, with extra large stage, electric lights, elegant scenery and folding opera chairs. Opening production.

"Escaped From the Harem"

Plays changed nightly

## Wear a Smile

Say to the corn plaster called Blue Jay.  
You're as welcome as the flowers in May.  
Since Summer's come with heat in June,  
Blue Jay begins to sing his tune.  
When the heat begins to burn your feet  
And corns are sore and hurt to beat—  
We've got Blue Jay, he's what you need  
Don't cut your corns until they bleed  
Put on the plaster called Blue Jay  
And wear a smile the live-long day

## BADGER &amp; GREEN

West Side Square

The bus line takes no more calls over line 50. Use No. 49 instead.

George Calvert, formerly of this town but now of Indianapolis, was here today. He came to attend the Phi Beta Kappa banquet this evening. Mr. Calvert is president of the Indianapolis Clearing House Association.

Judge H. M. Grimes and son, Lee, of North Platte, Neb., who have been the guests of J. M. Weik and family left today for Lafayette to attend commencement. Mr. Grimes, Jr., is a Purdue student and graduates from that university next Tuesday. Judge Grimes is a DePauw Alumnus of the class of '75.

## THE LAST TERM RECITAL

Third of the Series of Public Recitals of the School of Music Tonight—Audience Expected.

The third and last of the recitals of the School of Music will be given tonight in Meharry Hall. Much interest has been shown in the earlier recitals of the series and a large audience is expected tonight. The program follows:

Canzonetta, Schuett, Miss Lella Hollin.  
Impromptu, Reinhold, Miss Leah Trueblood.  
Madrigal (for Violin), Simonette, Miss Adda Hickley.  
a. Humoreske, Dvorak; b. Intermezzo, Seiss, Miss Bertha Martz.  
a. Cradle Song, Brahms; b. A Highland Lad my Love Was Born, (Scottish), Treble Clef Chorus.  
Graziella, Kahe, Miss Ethel Tillet.

Valse, Schuett, Miss Jessie Williams.  
Two Quartettes from "Romance of Love," Hoffman, Misses Hedden and Couchman, Messrs. Carpenter and Vennum.  
Hochzeit and Troidhanger, Grieg, Miss Ruth Post.  
Andante (for Cello), Schroeder, Miss Agnes Luther.  
Recollections of Home, Mills, Miss Naomi Randel.  
March Mignon, Poldini, Miss Lulu Smock.  
O Had I Jubal's Lyre, Handel, Miss Margaret Kreigh.  
Perpetuum Mobile, Weber, Miss Imogen McLean.  
Polonaise in A, Chopin, Miss Adah Beeler.

Concerto in A minor (for Violin), Accolay, Miss Lulu Smock.  
Polonaise in C sharp minor, Chopin, Miss Effie Adamson.  
Quartette: Galop de Concert, Milde, Misses Koehler and Cannon, Misses Ranney and Joseph.  
Rise Again, Glad Summer Sun, Leslie, Treble Clef Chorus.

## Don't See or Hear Too Much.

The less a man knows about household matters the better. These he should leave to his wife, if he be the fortunate possessor of such a treasure. Some men are cognizant of every trifle which passes in the family. They know how much soap is given out to the washwoman, how much salt is wasted in the kitchen, how much gas is used to heat the rolls, how much coal is used an hour in the range, and all sorts of things equally unworthy of notice by a manly character. Such "hussy fellows" (as they call them in Scotland) should have a dishcloth pinned to their collars to teach them better sense and manners.—New York Press.

## Monon Route Excursions

To Chicago, Ills., account American Medical Association, May 28, 29 and 30, return limit, June 12, round trip, \$5.40.

Summer and all year tickets to Tourist points on sale daily. Try the new route via Monon line, French Lick and Southern Railways to Jasper, Huntington, Princeton, Oakland City, Evansville and intermediate points.

15-day stop-over allowed at French Lick and West Baden Springs. J. A. Michael, Agt.

## THE HINDOO FAKIR.

His Patience and Skill in the Bag and Spear Trick.

The feat known as the bag and spear trick has been considered one of the greatest of the Hindoo magicians' art. In this trick, says a writer, the Hindoo fakir has his assistant get into a sack, the mouth of which he firmly secures, and then unceremoniously hurls his helpless victim to the ground. Without a sign of wincing the fakir drives his spear through the center of the bag.

After withdrawing his weapon, upon the point of which no blood stain appears, the fakir stands and gazes dreamily over the heads of the spectators. The body within the bag flounders about as if in mortal agony. At last, when the occupant is apparently dead, the fakir again plunges his spear into the motionless body. The same antics are repeated. Then the fakir releases his attendant from the bag, and he steps out without a scratch upon his body.

Although the trick is performed with all the carelessness imaginable, it calls for more patience, skill and exactness than any of the so called black art achievements. From the time the attendant enters the bag both fakir and assistant count every breath they take. When a stated number of breaths have been taken the fakir makes his thrust, and the occupant in the bag is prepared to avoid it. Then the count begins again, and at the proper time the spear is driven through the bag a second time. In order to evade the spear and make it appear to pass through his body the assistant doubles up in as small a form as possible. His legs are drawn up close, with the chin resting upon the knees and the arms folded round the lower limbs across the shins. When in this position, at the fiftieth breath, the spear passes under the attendant's arms between the abdomen and the thighs.

The slightest miscalculation by either the fakir or his assistant would mean a serious if not a mortal wound for one and an unheard of disgrace for the other.

That fakir and attendant are able so to train themselves to breathe in perfect unison while giving one of these performances, when the slightest variation in time by either would be fatal, is certainly wonderful.

## SOUVENIR FANATICS.

Nothing Is Safe From Those Afflicted With the Craze.

In these enlightened days anything from the limb of a tree to a table napkin is liable to be carried away as a souvenir.

A western girl with a well defined case of the souvenir habit, sojourning in New York, was dining at a fashionable cafe and, being prepossessed in favor of the cunning pewter cream pots, with which the tables were supplied, calmly carried one away in her muff. Can you imagine her self valuation when upon examining her prize later on she discovered carved across the bottom, "Stolen from M. S.?"

A Pittsburg bachelor, wandering into a restaurant, came upon a friend just seating himself with two ladies. The bachelor was invited to join the party, did so, and at the end of the luncheon insisted upon paying the costs. The bill being wrong, he went to the cashier's desk to personally adjust the discrepancy, where he was informed that the extra charges were for spoons which the ladies had put in their hand bags. And that was the first time he had ever met them!

Upon the occasion of the presentation of a handsome silver service by one of the United States to a battleship which was being christened in her honor an elaborate banquet was served aboard ship, at which the service was used. Society came en masse from the town near which they were anchored, and after the function was over there were not enough forks and spoons with which to lay the tables. And yet these souvenir fanatics would draw their moral skirts aside for fear of contamination with a real thief.—Bertha Reynolds MacDonald in Bohemian Magazine.

## He Didn't Care.

A Georgia man tells of the meeting of a negro "literary society" in that state. During the consideration of the business part of the club's programme some one had proposed that the regular time of meeting be changed from Tuesday to Friday, and this proposition provoked much disputation. Finally, the president of the society being appealed to for his opinion, that official declared with much gravity: "Members of de society, pussionally, now, pussionally, I don't care which night de society meets, but fo' mysef I prefers Tuesday."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

## Fish Food and National Greatness.

There is not the smallest reason to suppose that a meat eating nation would be superior either in intellect or physique to a fish eating one. We as a race were never stronger than when we fed on fish to such an extent that the careful guardian of the newly entered apprentice commonly inserted a clause in his indentures stipulating that he was not to be required to eat salmon more than three days a week.—London Globe.

## Beating a Retreat.

"What is necessary when you wish to beat a retreat?" asked an old military man at Fort Washington. "I suppose you'd have to retreat faster than the other fellows," was the reply that came after some deliberation.—Philadelphia Press.

Evils that are passed should not be mourned.—Italian Proverb.

## The Back Number.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

When the boys came back to college, Catherine Newlands displayed rejuvenated charms. The enforced quiet of the summer season in the dull old town had rested her, had brightened her eye and given a tinge of color to her cheeks.

As she crossed the campus that first morning in a scarlet sweater and white linen skirt, with her tawny hair in a big knot low on her neck, a half dozen of the freshmen turned to look after her.

Catherine felt their admiration with a thrill of gratification. For ten years she had basked in the delight of making that first impression on the new boys, and it was like a draft of old wine to a tippler.

Now and then in her triumphant progress a junior or a senior stopped her and greeted her with frank friendliness. That was one of the advantages of an affair with Catherine Newlands. She knew how to shade a love affair off into a good comradeship, and the boys, who in their freshman years had been her admirers, came for advice in their later love affairs.

For Catherine would have none of them. She liked to bask in the sunlight of their admiration, she liked to be the queen of the junior promenade, she liked the violets and the blue pennants and the crowd of eager boys surrounding her at the football game. She liked to sing "Down the Field" for them and to have them cheer her at the end. She liked to lead in their college yell, and the roar of their young voices was music in her ears. But that was all!

"You are too young," she would say frankly as some stricken youth would plead, "and, besides, if I married you what would the other boys do?"

A lot of her old friends crowded around her as she reached the library steps, and there was a fringe of unconquered freshmen in the background. But when she presently detached herself from the group it was one of the faculty, Oswald Ware, who accompanied her.

"Dear old boy," she said as they walked toward the great gate that led out into the city street, "it's so good to have you back."

"Don't call me old boy," he flung out, with a touch of irritation. "Heaven knows I am old, but you needn't rub it in."



She sat down on the other side of his desk.

He was bareheaded, and Catherine glanced affectionately at his gray streaked temples.

"You're just right," she told him, and then as her eyes swept the scene—the sunlighted square, the old buildings that seemed to breathe a benediction over the boys, the boys themselves, of the best college type, graceful, lithe, strong young animals, ready for the training that should make men of them—she exclaimed: "Aren't they fine? It's the spirit of the place that I love, Oswald, and it's the ideas of such men as you that help to bring out the best in them."

"They are a lot of cubs," gloomily.

"Oswald!"

"Well, they are. In the classes I don't feel that way. I know they are going to be men some time, and I want them to be the right sort, but when I see you frittering away your time with them—you with all your possibilities!"

"I love it," she asserted, "and when I can't have their admiration any more I think the youth in me will die, Oswald."

He glanced down at her. "But there are other things worth while—love and me and the needs of humanity."

"I am not great enough for those things," obstinately. "Why didn't you fall in love with some other girl, Oswald?"

"Because you are the one woman. And I know you better than you do yourself. Some day this will pall on you."

She interrupted him. "I shan't change," she said flippantly. "I should I'll come to that stuffy little, mussy little class room of yours and tell you!"

They had reached Lamson hall, and he was forced to leave her. As she made her way slowly back across the campus her eyes were thoughtful, but

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her ears were sharpened to hear the comments of the new boys.

"Who is she?" came an eager question.

"Catherine Newlands."

"She's a beauty!"

"My dear boy, she is a back number. She is twenty-eight if she's a day."

It was the first note of disloyalty to her queenship, and the man who had said it for her to hear was sore over a rebuff, but the light seemed to go out of the morning. The old buildings frowned grim and gray above the hollow square, and, to add to it all, in through the big gate came another girl—a little thing with a duff of fair hair. Tiptilted on her high heels, with her pink ruffles floating about her, she was like a wild rose.

The boys on the campus fence bent eagerly to watch the new arrival, and the freshmen, debarred from the fence, but hanging in groups about the big gate, asked the question that had so often thrilled Catherine Newlands:

"Who is she?"

Laughing and all a-flutter with the joy of the attention she was exciting, the other girl came toward Catherine. "Oh, Miss Newlands," she gurgled, "don't you remember me?"

"It's Gracie Allendale!" Catherine said brightly. "Why, Gracie, when did you grow up?"

The other girl laughed delightedly. "Yesterday, I think," she said, "when mother told me that I needn't go back to school. I am going to be here all winter and have the time of my life."

Her lips answered the older girl, but her eyes were on the boys. And suddenly she was swept away, with a dozen laughing lads in her train, and Catherine was left alone.

One youngster ran back.

"You won't mind," he said boyishly. "We want to show her things."

Catherine shook her head.

"No," she said slowly; "I don't mind."

But when he had gone she went out of the big gate with lagging steps and drooping head.

Late that afternoon Oswald Ware, bending over a pile of papers in the dusty, musty study, saw a vision of light as Catherine in a filmy flowered gown came in.

She sat down on the other side of his desk.

"Oswald," she said, "the queen is dead. Long live the queen!"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I am a back number," she said wistfully. "I heard a boy say it. And Gracie Allendale has developed into a little beauty, and they are flocking to her."

"She will never be as beautiful as you," he said indignantly.

"Ah, but she has youth." The girl was silent for a moment; then, "Just think of it," she said, "I am twenty-eight."

"You are a mere child," he stormed.

"Why, I—I am almost forty. You are a mere child."

A smile broke the corners of her mouth.

"How nice it sounds to hear you say it. You are such a comfort, Oswald."

"I wish you would let me show you what there is in life for you, dear heart; such big things as compared to the little life of the campus."

"Ah, but youth is there." And her eyes wandered out to the sunlighted space under the elms.

"And love is here," he said.

Then her eyes came back to him.

"That is why I came," she said tremulously—"that is why I came to you, Oswald."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve Wins.

Tom Moore, of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore come on the instep of my foot and could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Less than half a 25-cent box won the day for me by affecting a perfect cure." Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store.

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## A Trying Prescription.

There was little doubt in the doctor's mind that Mr. Lambkin's recovery from an attack of nervous exhaustion would be more rapid if Mrs. Lambkin were a less animated and constant talker.

Mrs. Lambkin had never felt that her husband's trouble was serious. Her own health was in a far more precarious condition than his, she felt sure.

"We didn't need to come to the country on his account any more than on mine," she told the doctor on his third visit. "As I say to Mr. Lambkin day after day, if he'd rise above his feelings, as I do, and take an interest in everything and ask questions and observe and draw people out he'd forget himself. Now, I know perfectly well that I have a high temperature this morning, and I should like you to look at my tongue."

She thrust out her long and lively tongue for the doctor's inspection and waited for his answer.

"I see, madam," he said at last gravely, "that it is sadly in need of exactly what I am prescribing for your husband—perfect rest and quiet for at least six hours a day for the next three months."

## A Rich "Find."

The sensational discovery of buried Spanish treasure of gold and jewels on the fore shore at Paradelha reminds one of the romantic discovery of the famous treasure of Guarrazar under conditions almost identical, says the Westminster Gazette. Some peasants traveling near Toledo one day in 1858 noticed objects of gold and jewel work which had been exposed to view by the heavy rains. The peasants, ignorant of its value, sold their treasure trove for a trifling sum to a local resident, who fled with it to Paris and disposed of it to the authorities of the Musee Cluny. The objects proved to be of rare antiquarian as well as intrinsic value. They were, in fact, eleven crowns which had been worn by Visigothic kings who had ruled Spain 1,200 years previously. The largest of these crowns, a beautiful piece of workmanship, has thirty large sapphires and as many pearls of great size. Below it hangs a cross set with similar precious stones, from which hang jeweled pendants.

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Office Room for Rent—Inquire of George E. Blake. eod tf H chg

Wanted—Girl to do light housekeeping, small family. Can get off every afternoon. Pay \$3.00 a week. Mrs. E. Shipley. Call at Shipley's Store.

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Horse For Sale—Good 4-year old horse, good second-hand buggy and spring wagon. Apply Owl hardware store. 2thchg

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